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dicial proceedings, *parliament, session, jury, judge, advocate, plead, defend, condemn, forfeit*, and the whole vocabulary of the physician, are of Romance extraction. In fine, when we would be forcible, energetic, easily understood, we should seek for Germanic words ; when we would be learned, refined, polite, we should express ourselves in those which are borrowed from the French. The English language furnishes many examples of synonymes, and it will be found to be a general rule, that the Germanic word is forcible, but vulgar, the French less expressive, but better adapted to ears polite ; such, for instance, are to *sweat* and to *perspire*, to be *drunk* and to be *intoxicated*.

We have thus given a brief outline of the history of the English language ; it has necessarily been so brief that it could not be otherwise than defective. We will conclude, as we commenced, with expressing a hope that the publication which has called forth our remarks will exert an influence in directing the attention of the public to the literature of our forefathers, and more especially in encouraging the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, the long and strange neglect of which we cannot but regard as a disgrace to England, and in a less degree to this country. In England, as we have already remarked, great efforts are now making to recover the lost ground, and we would fain be permitted to hope, that in this, as in every thing else that is good and useful, we shall be ready to compete with her in honorable rivalry. “ The literature of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers may be regarded as a creditable feature of our national history, and as something of which we might justly be proud, if we did not allow ourselves to remain in such ignorance of it.”

ART. III. — *The Crescent and the Cross ; or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By ELIOT Warburton, Esq. New York : Wiley & Putnan. 1845.

SINCE the day when the Hebrew, grown up from the small beginnings of Joseph and his brethren to be a terror to the powerful people of the Pharaohs, went out from the

land of Egypt, its soil has not ceased to be the theatre of deeds as bold as those that marked the career and formed the fame of the great lawgiver of Israel, and as dark as the doom from which a homeless people were rescued by the angry waves of an avenging sea. Her river was the nucleus of the only nationality which has survived the dreary centuries that immediately followed the flood, and on its banks have shone, in never-ceasing succession, Pharaoh and Ptolemy, king and emperor, consul and satrap, caliph and pasha, Napoleon and sultan. The Pharaohs have been laid in the pyramids or the catacombs, and the Ptolemies are with them. The names of most of the places that knew them are forgotten. The Nile in elder days had brought its rich tribute from the highlands of the south ; the revenues of the granary of the world gleamed in the coffers of its queen ; pearls melted in the wine-cup of the foe of Cicero. The master of half the world was at the feet of the mistress of Egypt, his victorious captive. Her beauty had done its work, and bound to her car the first of Cæsar's iron captains ; it wooed the venom of the asp, and, passing from earth, won for its mistress an apotheosis in the poetry of that clime whose sons are gazing from out an isle of the Atlantic upon the country of Cleopatra, and already in their strong will are moulding it into the tributary thoroughfare to their empire in the East. The leading of the world was staked at Actium. The queen of Egypt had favored the vanquished rival ; her love, burning under the same sun that now looks fiercely down on the intruding Frank, was the fatal gift that at once crowned his fame and clouded his career. At the hour when his strength was broken, her country became a fraction of that power whose capital on the seven hills of the Tiber gave laws to a realm coextensive with the known earth ; and the clime that Rome bid furnish corn to her teeming millions is now in name a province of the empire founded by the successors of that Arabian prophet who traced, amid the mouldering temples of the religion of Numa, the foundations of a faith itself now gay with years.

Egypt is in name a province of the Ottoman empire. And in saying that it is so but in name, that, nominally a dependency of the Porte, it is actually at this hour the foremost nation that musters its forces under the crescent, that within the lifetime of one man it has arisen from provin-

cial insignificance to alarm by its formidable progress the nations of Europe, we have but to pronounce in explanation the name of Mehemet Ali.

In all the elements of national power and greatness, in the development of agricultural resources, in the improvement of towns, in the refinements of social life, in the dissemination among the people of literature and science and arts, the movements of Egypt since the days of her beautiful queen have been but stages in the march of degradation. Her present ruler is involved in this reproach, for her peasant was once the proprietor of the soil he tilled. Whatever was the tenure, whatever were the exactions of government, the peasant, watching tremblingly the rising of the river which he calls the sea, knew that it would fertilize earth that he could deem his own. But the ruler rose up one day and uttered the word that he was the owner of the land of Egypt ; that he was lord of the country, and that its soil was his ; and from that moment the Fellah became a mere adjunct of the glebe he wrought upon.

The character of a people sinking daily, while their country is taking long strides in power and consideration, is a spectacle that contrasts sharply with the tendencies of the age ; and one may well be curious respecting the causes of such a result. Arithmetic will aid us but little ; figures that are so eloquent with us give but little information about the East ; political economy is there at fault. One inquirer will be satisfied when he is told, " So it is in the East " ; another will seek to solve the problem by an examination of Oriental institutions. But we cannot institute such an inquiry, nor attempt to delineate these institutions here. Could the subject be pictured, our limits are too narrow for so vast a painting, and we must rest content with offering an outline sketch of the figure in the foreground.

When the present ruler of Egypt, sent by the governor of his native province to act with his contingent against the French, landed with his three hundred Albanians on her shores, he found the soldiers whom he was to join, and who formed her army, were a mutinous rabble, whose tactics were in no respect unlike those of the Arab hordes who prowled in the deserts around them. A set of disorderly ragamuffins, under the squeaking discord of Moorish fifes, no two dressed alike, each bearing a pipe while a servant bore

his gun, formed altogether an array that would have shamed a village muster. Soldiers smoked, sang, or shouted in the ranks, if ranks those groups of stragglers could be called, who moved just as they pleased, and obeyed such orders as they saw fit. If the state of the army in such climes is a decisive sign of the condition of the country, it was in this instance neither the darkest nor the only indication of her weakness. Her finances were exhausted by the mismanagement and wastefulness of agents, who, under one title or another, exercised the authority of the sultan, and, so far from relaxing their hold upon a dollar of the revenues they ground from the wretches under them, had the audacity to demand from Constantinople funds to build and repair public works in the country they pillaged. The rapacity of the ruler for the time being, whose exactions exceeded even the proverbial rapacity of military rule, was not the only drain upon the resources of the country. The corps of Mamelukes alone absorbed a sum that would be deemed a large appropriation for any department of our federal administration. Their annual extortions amounted to no less a sum than seven millions. The government was but a succession of different phases of anarchy, whose mutations none could foresee. The cry of slaughter at any hour might resound through the land, and the people heard with stupid indifference that the career of their late ruler had ended in flight or death. To-day the Mamelukes, whose horsemanship formed a bond of sympathy between them and their allies, the Bedawee Arabs, were masters of the capital and the country. Their splendid apparel and magnificent trappings gleamed in the courts of a victorious chief. The night brought tumult; scimitars flashed, and on the morrow some Turk held mastery, and arrogated to himself the pashalic of Egypt. Anon, Albanian soldiers, in whose constitution a craving for butchery seems innate, mutinied for pay or from the love of mutiny, and the government was again overturned, and a favorite chieftain made the disposer of viceregal power. Private property was his who held it by the right of possession and a strong sword. The marine of Egypt was a forgotten word. Commerce had died out on the shores of the country that once furnished the richest traffic of the world; and the city that bore the name of the Macedonian conqueror, the happy creation of his genius, and the emporium of the commerce of his time, the

city which the greater conqueror of Corsica called "the *dépôt* of Europe and the Indies,"—Alexandria, gave up its neglected harbour to be the asylum and sally-port of pirates.

All this is changed, and the transformation has been effected by one man. Mehemet Ali was born at Cavala, a small town in Roumelia, which lies on the northern shores of the *Ægean*. If coincidences in time and locality are of value in the mind of the Egyptian ruler, he may conclude that the Fates smiled upon his birth. A glance at the geography of the country will show that this province of the Ottoman empire embraces the ancient Macedon, so that he and Alexander were countrymen. The year of grace 1769 was prolific of military captains, and many who recognize it as the beginning of the career of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, may be reminded that it is also the date of the birth of Mehemet Ali. The islands and coasts of the Mediterranean were listening at one and the same time to the cradle cries of a pair of infant Hercules. Egypt has been the common theatre of their fame ; the pyramids have witnessed the deeds that distinguished the Albanian adventurer, and have thrown their shadow across the path of him who "chained to his biography the history of Europe." Napoleon was earliest in the race. The swell of revolution had lifted him up before Mehemet Ali had found a sphere of action, and already had he won in Italy the splendid successes which gained for him the title of the first general of the world, when Arthur Wellesley was a subaltern in the army of India, and the viceroy of Egypt was a tax-gatherer and tobaccoist in the obscurity of his native province.

Mehemet's father was a fisherman and a shepherd. The son chose the more adventurous branch of the paternal profession, and his activity gained for him a situation in the government of his village as a subordinate collector of taxes. His first exploit afforded an index of his future career. The inhabitants of a village refused payment of their taxes and rose in rebellion. This was unusual spirit ; the governor, who had become the patron of Ali, was alarmed, and in his perturbation he sent for his favorite. Young Mehemet assembled a few of his companions, announced to the malecontents that he was intrusted with a secret mission, and, entering a mosque, invited the heads of the village to hold a con-

ference with him. They came in without suspicion, and the tax-gatherer diplomatist began and ended the colloquy by binding them hand and foot. He then set out on his return, overawing the multitude who surrounded him by threatening to put his prisoners to death. The taxes were soon forthcoming, and the captives were then released.

This feat, while it procured for him the rank of Boulouk-bashi, had another influence on his life. It introduced him to the notice and gained him the hand of a rich widow, who saw that he was too promising a young man to be neglected. His wife's capital enabled him to add to his business of tax-collector, and leader in general of the small wars about the province, the traffic in tobacco. This use of his funds greatly enhanced his consideration in a quarter of the world where trade is looked upon as one of the highest professions, and where it rarely interferes with military duties. His speculations in this new branch exploded just in time to allow him to give "his undivided attention" to the military operations of his country against the French. He started for Egypt at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, with the rank of Bimbashi, which compares with the one his tax-gathering exploit had won for him as a major in European armies does with a captain.

He had brought his abilities to the right market. His conduct on the battle-field soon attracted the attention of Kusruf, governor of Cairo. The noted massacre of the Mamelukes at Aboukir, which promoted his interests though perpetrated by others, resulted in his obtaining the command of a division in the army of Youssef Bey. Youssef was sent against the insurgent Beys, who were in Upper Egypt, at the head of the remainder of the Mamelukes. He met them at Dumanhour, and when routed by them he charged the failure of the expedition on the cowardice of Mehemet. It is more probable that he was suspected of treachery than of a want of courage; but at any rate, the governor formed a determination to get rid of him. He saw that he had a dangerous man in his borders. The pay of the whole Albanian troops was in arrear, when Mehemet, at that time encamped near Cairo, was invited to an interview with the governor in the night. To understand the probable nature of the interview, he might have recurred to his own proceedings in the Roumelian mosque, as well as to the impression which

is common in an Oriental court, that the guest, who accepts such an invitation, is generally so affectionately entertained that he finishes his life within the walls of his host. He communicated the invitation to his soldiers, knowing that he could sufficiently rely on them to justify the answer, that "he would come." And he went. Kusruf saw the storm, and sent for Taher Pasha, either as a mediator, or to counteract, with the Albanian guards under his command, the operations of those without. But Taher Pasha's Albanian guards were in the same category with those of Mehemet; they were unpaid troops, and however they might differ on more abstract points, on the subject of cash they were likely to be unanimous. The Albanians under both officers attacked the palace; Kusruf fled, was pursued, brought back, and imprisoned. The viceregal power fell to Taher Pasha, Mehemet consenting to the arrangement; he was content to be the Metternich of that administration.

Taher Pasha was a poor tool, and his tyranny lasted only twenty-one days. The next rulers were the Mamelukes, whom Youssef Bey, through the *cowardice* of Mehemet Ali, had failed to exterminate. Cowardice is sometimes farsighted. The leaders in the new government were the aged Ibrahim, once governor of Cairo, Osman Bey Bardissi, and Mehemet Ali, the same general of division who had figured at Dumanhour. To be sure, the Porte had sent a pasha of high rank to assume the direction of affairs; but the power of the Beys met him at Alexandria, and robbed him alike of his commission and his life.

Mehemet soon began his machinations against his colleagues and their Mamelukes. Osman Bey was a hair-brained fellow, whom he easily embroiled with the other chiefs. They fell into dissensions, and after a short time Mehemet ventured, on the 12th of May, 1804, to attack Ibrahim and Osman in their palaces. The brave fellows cut their way through, and escaped with their command to the desert, while Mehemet took Kusruf out of prison, and re-instated him in power.

But the eye of the Sultan was now upon him who reaped the profit of these convulsions, and an order came that the Albanian troops should be sent to their own country. But there was yet work for them in Egypt. Mehemet answered the pasha who delivered the command, that the Mamelukes

were still strong, that they breathed a spirit of undying hostility to the authority of the Porte, and that the Albanians were the only check to their dominion. Whatever credit these representations gained at Constantinople, the following year a firman arrived, conferring on Mehemet the eligible appointment of Pasha of Djidda (Jeddi) and of the port of Mecca on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. He went so far as to assume the cap and mantle of that office, when the army, whom their leader had educated for such scenes, gathered around him and swore they would pillage the country, if their arrears were not discharged. Nobody but Mehemet Ali could rule this tempest ; all entreated him to remain, to take upon himself the duties of viceroy, and to save Egypt from anarchy and pillage. His benevolence was overcome by the picture of disasters that his departure would inflict upon his beloved country, which was so important a province of his master's empire ; he relented, and a shout from hoarse Albanian throats proclaimed him the Egyptian representative of the Sultan's power.

Kourschid Pasha arrayed the Mamelukes for a counter revolution, and, as some accounts have it, became master of the country under Mehemet Ali. But the Capitan Pasha suddenly cast anchor before Alexandria, and, directing Kourschid to deliver up the citadel to the Roumeliot, summoned him to repair to head-quarters on the coast. Kourschid obeyed, and, engaging in the service of the Sultan, soon after lost his life in a distant portion of the empire. The Mamelukes, however, who had rallied under him, were unwilling to lay down their arms without a trial of strength with their old foe. They encamped in the vicinity of Cairo, and Mehemet, undisturbed by their hostile attitude, only wished to get them into some position unfavorable to the operations of cavalry. An attack by them upon the city was not to be trusted to the ordinary chances of war, and Mehemet engaged a number of the Sheikhs to *betray* Cairo to the enemy. In pursuance of this scheme of double treachery, a gate was left open, and the Mamelukes rode in. There was but a show of resistance, and they were parading exultingly through the narrow streets, when, all at once, a murderous fire of musketry was opened from the houses about them. They sought to retire, but found every avenue closed. Their sabres, so irresistible in the open plain, were useless against an unseen foe. Each

sat in his saddle to die. After the slaughter of that day, this once terrible soldiery ceased to be formidable.

But the Divan, satisfied that Mehemet Ali's ascendancy boded no good to the Ottoman power, now determined to support the Mamelukes, and accordingly sent a capitan pasha with instructions to assist Elfy Bey, who had just returned from England, and had joined Ibrahim and Osman Bardissi. The envoy, informing Mehemet that his master desired to bestow upon him the government of Salonica, summoned him to his head-quarters to receive the insignia of that office. Salonica had claims on Mehemet, as a city of the province of his birth ; but it was not the location that suited his present views. Besides, he had not the most implicit confidence in Constantinopolitan faith. One thing was clear ; that affairs between him and the Sultan had reached their crisis, and that the termination was at hand. He looked about him, and saw three thousand soldiers, the best in the East, his countrymen,* his companions in arms, and his admirers. He remembered the day when he landed on the shores of the Delta with a tenth of their number ; he reviewed his career thence, and gathered confidence from his successes. "Cairo is up for sale," he exclaimed ; " whoever will give the hardest blows shall win it, and be its master." This speech was just the thing for the Albanians ; with the currency which was to effect the transfer of so large a city none were better acquainted than they. No collision, however, took place ; the tender sufficed, and Mehemet's title to the capital was as good as if any amount of slaughter had attended his accession.

Elfy Bey had promised fifteen hundred purses (worth about one hundred dollars each) to the Grand Vizier to secure the viceroyalty of Egypt. But the hostile attitude which his country had assumed towards Russia prevented the minister from fulfilling the engagement. With a war against that power on his hands, the Sultan could ill afford to contest the sovereignty of Egypt, and the last hopes of the Beys were extinguished. The spirit of Osman had long been fretting itself away, and now in grief and despair the proud heart of the Mameluke broke. Death soon relieved

* This is not strictly true. The provinces of Roumelia and Albania are contiguous, and much alike, each furnishing the same quality of troops.

him, and Elfy survived but a little while. Their followers were disbanded ; five hundred joined the service of Mehemet, and ten pieces of English artillery, served by European cannoneers, also fell into the hands of the Roumeliot.

There were still spared twenty-five hundred Mamelukes, who remained at bay in Upper Egypt. A change in the relative position of the European powers had its effect on the affairs of Egypt ; the French influence was now predominant at Constantinople, and, to prevent the province from falling into the hands of that power, the British ministry projected an expedition to the country of the Nile. The command was given to General Mackenzie Frazer. The Mamelukes were now needed, and Mehemet Ali was not long in making them his allies. In March, 1807, Alexandria yielded to General Frazer, after a trifling resistance ; but the flower of his army, a division under Generals Wanchope and Meade, was cut off at Rosetta. They had penetrated into the town unopposed, but in its narrow streets they met a fate like that which had been the portion of the Mamelukes at Cairo. Three hundred officers and privates fell by the musketry of an invisible foe. They retired as they might, and the army of Frazer proceeded to invest the city in regular form. Little impression, however, could be made on the solid masonry of the buildings. The inhabitants, indeed, suffered to some extent, but this was a matter of indifference to Beys, Mamelukes, and Mehemet Ali. The expedition proved a failure, and the English forces left Egypt without effecting any thing.

No sooner were the shores of the country clear from their invaders, than Mehemet set about the destruction of the allies with whose aid he had fought them. An occasion soon presented itself. A war had for a long time been smouldering between the Sultan and the Wahabees, a sort of Puritans, Mr. Warburton calls them, who greatly annoyed the established church. This sect was founded by the Sheikh Abdel-Wahab, who brought together in the regions that first worshipped Mahomet that class of men whose fanaticism ever finds fuel in the laxity of a long-established faith, and with them took the cities of Mecca and Medina. This happened in 1810, and at this time, in the height of their power, the insurgents were following the impulses of their wild nature in indiscriminate plunder of the caravans, no matter what was

the faith of those who were engaged in the rich commerce of the desert. The Sultan thought the energies of the viceroy of Egypt were well fitted for a contest with these schismatics, and in the true spirit of Oriental policy, he cared not whether the one or the other array of dangerous and rebellious subjects was annihilated by the blows of its antagonist. Mehemet accepted the commission with an alacrity which the Sultan rewarded by conferring on his son Toussoun the dignity of a pasha of the second order. The ceremony and expense that attended the investiture of the office Mehemet resolved should not be lost, and on the day appointed, March 1st, 1811, he invited the Mamelukes to be present at the festivities. They were received with the greatest courtesy ; pipes, coffee, and all the insignia of Oriental hospitality abounded. On leaving the citadel, the scene of the ceremony, the procession defiled through a cut in the rock ; the Pasha's own troops led the way. On passing the farther gate, it was closed behind them. The treachery now flashed upon the minds of the hitherto unsuspecting Mamelukes ; with a terrific yell, they sprang towards the opposite gate ; it was closed. Shut in by high perpendicular rocks, escape was impossible. The summit of the steep bristled with their foe's infantry, that in horrid leisure poured down death. Mehemet himself counted four hundred and seventy of the slain ; a thousand fell. One man escaped, Amim Bey, brother of the celebrated Elfy. Detained by some accident, he waited within the citadel to resume his place in the procession when it should have defiled through the rock. He saw the gate closed, and heard next the crash of the musketry. He waited for nothing farther, but spurring his horse up an almost perpendicular ascent, leaped him from its desperate height to the ground. The horse was crushed to a jelly, but the bold rider was saved. "The rampart was estimated at thirty or forty feet high," says Finati, "and even more" ; Sir Frederick Henniker compares it to "leaping out a four-pair-of-stairs window." But the daring horseman preferred the chances without to the certainty within, and he made good his way to the desert. He may still be seen, a white-haired man, in the streets of Cairo.

Domestic difficulties settled, Mehemet set about complying with the wishes of his master. Young Toussoun departed for Arabia, whither his father soon followed him on

the expedition against the dissenters. He soon successfully closed his operations in this quarter, having shown much strategic ability and other prominent traits of his character. Old Shereef Ghaleb held court at the port of Djidda, and was passing there a life of dignified and opulent leisure. Great stores of wealth were in his palace, and the Pasha saw fit to suspect him. He ordered another of his likely sons to bind his father's host, and convey him to Cairo. The vast plunder seized upon he divided with the Sultan, who, however, when he learned the manner in which the booty had been obtained, had the good sense to return it to its owner. There can be no mistake in the relation of an incident such as rarely adorns the history of Oriental potentates. As to the rest of the story, it would be well if we could hear Mehemet Ali's version. Djidda, it will be recollected, was the pashalic the Sultan had just before offered Mehemet. He had taken advantage of his absence on this expedition to proclaim through his minister, Mohammed Laz, that the soil of Egypt was thenceforth his property.

These enterprises had absorbed the available resources of the Pasha, but every dollar spent in them showed where two more could be obtained. The Sultan intended that his subject's power should be exhausted in the execution of the commands he had laid upon him. A child in Mehemet's place would have perceived this, nor did it require any remarkable sagacity on the Sultan's part to see that the alacrity with which the Pasha acted resulted from no desire to increase the dominions and glory of his master. He seized upon these commands as capital pretexts for the increase of his military establishment ; the more important and expensive the project, the better was the viceroy pleased. Every skirmish was so much capital to him in the experience that his army gained, and if the number of the slain was great, he mourned only that so much instruction had been thrown away, and cursed Death, that had interposed his skeleton form between so much good discipline and the results with which it might have enriched his future.

He now found leisure for his schemes of innovation. The army, of course, claimed his first care ; his warfare against European troops had long before determined him to drill his Turks and Arabs in the tactics of the West. There were Frenchmen enough, who had deserted during the ex-

pedition into Egypt, to serve him as drill officers ; the difficulty was not so much in finding instructors, as in the want of proper docility in the pupils. They were tenacious of their garb, and could ill brook to see the turban doffed, and the flowing caftan and trousers replaced by the tight coat and Frank pantaloons. Their jealousy of foreigners operated in impeding the attempt ; they shot the subaltern officers on parade, and it was not long before their indignation was turned against the great reformer himself. On the fourth of August, 1815, an organized revolt broke out, and the rebels, after murdering many of their officers, marched in a body to the citadel. The viceroy's accidental absence saved his life. Balked in the prime object of their movement, the rioters occupied themselves for some hours in plundering the shops of the city ; great was their rage when they found that their intended victim had lain concealed in a palace which they had passed and repassed repeatedly during the day. He was found there by a brave and faithful Albanian, Abdim Bey, who, at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, cut his way to the citadel, and placed his master in security. Early in the day, Mehemet had bethought himself of the Frank residents, and exhibited his presence of mind by sending them some hundreds of muskets for their protection. A general amnesty was resolved upon, and with a pledge that the obnoxious system should be discontinued, quiet was restored before morning. A movement of so daring a character must, of course, have had some prime mover ; but no leader of the insurgents could be found, though considerable pains were taken to ferret one out. Belzoni, famous for his acquaintance with all sorts of dead Egyptians, who was in the country at the time, observes that, shortly after, several persons " died of sudden deaths, and, indeed, many of the chiefs and beys disappeared."

The turban was again in the ascendant, but its time was short. This was the last serious check that Mehemet experienced for some ten years. He soon resumed the project of introducing Frank discipline. These mutinous troops he sent into the interior to die, and tried, among other expedients, the formation of an army of blacks. Thirty thousand were collected at a camp of instruction at Assouan ; but disease broke out among them, and they died in such numbers that scarcely a single regiment remained. He

transferred the officer in charge to a camp which he had established at Farshoot with a nucleus of natives who were veterans. This officer was Suleiman Bey, who had been an aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney, with the name and rank of Colonel Sève. In a few years, Mehemet had eighty thousand men in a respectable state of discipline. To be sure, in the early stages of the thing, an occasional ball whistled around the head of Suleiman; but the Frenchman was not to be terrified at trifles, and soon the Arab and his irregularities disappeared from the army of Egypt. The material of Mehemet's army was now little different from Frank soldiery.

The Pasha had never yet gained the favor of the Sultan; he knew that the bowstring would be his fate as soon as its application was possible. But the Greek revolution had broken out, and Mehemet came to the aid of his master in time of need, offering — it is said, for the consideration of Syria — to send an armament for the subjugation of the Morea. In 1824, sixty-three sail, with one hundred transports, having on board sixteen thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, and a large artillery train, left Alexandria under the direction of Ibrahim Pasha. He took Candia, and the fleet made some demonstrations elsewhere on the coast, but was burnt and blown to pieces by the combined squadrons at Navarino. Ibrahim led back the fragment of his army. His father did not receive the pashalic of Syria; but he held on to Candia, and intended to have Syria.

It was not long before Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, personally his enemy, ventured to harbour some Egyptian deserters, and refused to deliver them on the demand of Mehemet. Ibrahim, with twenty-four thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, laid siege to Acre, and after six months it fell into his hands with its pasha. Mehemet had informed Abdallah that he would "come and take the deserters, and one besides." The war between the Porte and the Pasha was now fairly begun "by the act of" the latter, and in 1832 their armies met at Homs, where Ibrahim defeated the Turks. The Grand Vizier, the best general of Turkey, Hosseyn Pasha, now took the field with fifty thousand men, whom he was to conduct to Aleppo and thence to Egypt. This array was routed at Beylau, and the victorious army was master of the passes of the Taurus, with a clear way to Constantinople. Russia interfered, and saved the empire.

In the hour of victory, Mehemet had only arrogated to himself the pashalic of Syria. He now fell back with confidence upon this claim, and it was awarded to him by the convention of Kutayah, on the fourth of May, 1833. The revolt of the Druses and several minor rebellions furnished employment and pretext for a large army in Syria.

It is said that Mehemet was not satisfied with his pashalic, and desired to hold the country in independent and hereditary sovereignty. At any rate, the Allied Powers chose to ascribe these views to him, and warned him against any step towards their fulfilment. But it is not easy to be certain of any thing in the cloud of Eastern or Western diplomacy that enfolds this question, though one may sympathize with the indignation which the fiery graybeard of Egypt felt on the ever officious intervention of the European powers. The most probable hypothesis is, that the Sultan, stung by his defeat at the hands of his bold subject, was determined to regain Syria. It is certain that a Turkish army was sent thither, and that, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1839, it was almost annihilated at Nezib. The powers of Europe, frightened at the prospect of a Roumeliot sovereign on the throne of Turkey, went into earnest execution of their threat of armed interference; and in the autumn of 1840, England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria were engaged in bombarding Beyrout and battering down the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. They were of course triumphant; Syria was restored to the Sultan, and Mehemet was confined to his own province, with the dignity, however, of its hereditary ruler.

And so things have remained. Mehemet Ali, a man beyond the threescore years and ten, silver-bearded and active, his eye undimmed, and the fire of his nature still unquenched, is engaged with his factories and schools. Unabated physical and mental energy are still observed in a high and fair forehead, and the lines of a sensual mouth. He respects the religion of Mahomet, but endures no bigotry. His palaces are filled with European furniture, and, in spite of the Koran, his table is furnished with the wines of France. The Pasha has earned the right to indulge in generous dinners, and certainly he is yet a hard-working man. Besides dealing extensively, as we have seen, in armies and provinces, he has to trade yearly in twelve millions of dollars' worth of wheat, cotton, rice, and indigo, and in nearly an equal value of

cloths, linens, timber, iron, paper, glass, oil, and wine. Nine thousand pupils are furnished with instruction, food, and lodging at his expense ; they are educated in sixty-six *primary*, two *preparatory*, and various *special* schools, in the last of which are taught medicine, agriculture, the arts, foreign languages, music, engineering, and military tactics. Nor is he done with these scholars when their education is completed. He supports no expensive academy that may dispense at great cost unrequited favors. He takes care of his children through life, whether they will or no. These cares are added to his employment of supervising the departments of a government whose revenue is sixteen millions of dollars, whose navy is as large at times as ours, and whose army falls but little short of one hundred thousand men.

Was ever sovereign so thrifty ? Is Louis Philippe, king of hard-workers and hard-working king, more efficient in administration than the ruler who, in the short time during which he was master of Syria, that stronghold of misgovernment, bribery, and banditti, frightened desert and mountain into order ; under whose government Bedawee and Druse forgot to rob, and life and baggage were secure ; when commerce came back that had almost deserted the shores where Tyre and Sidon had stood ; when mines were worked, and manufactures started into life ? He has found the charm of success. Thousands of men have been ere now upon that long coast, from old Alexandria round to older Troy, who had the great views, the eagle eye, and the lion heart of Mehemet Ali ; but when Fortune touched him with her wand, she whispered in his ear, that the triumphs of achievement and the favors of fame were to be won only by ceaseless, rugged, irresistible labor.

How often must the old man's present cares vanish in the retrospect of the seventy eventful years of his history ! How often does he see himself playing, a careless child, amid the rocks that were the scene of his father's humble toils ! And then the foreign governor noticed the bright-eyed boy, and invited him to his home, which seemed to the inexperienced eyes of the young Roumeliot a gorgeous palace. What dreams of future fame filled his mind, when, in command of his troop, he stepped upon the soil that was to become his hereditary sovereignty ! And how has the wildest

of those dreams been eclipsed by the reality, which, in the passes of the Taurus, with the sceptre of the Ptolemies in his hand, and the armies of the Sultan scattered by his prowess, presented to his view the glittering city of Constantine, with but a step between him and the throne of the Othmans ! ‘Stirring has been the drama of life in his day, and foremost upon its stage have been those children of ’69. A quarter of a century have the two outlived the third, and the survivors may well be proud that circumstances have linked their fame with his. The second still lives to smile at the fulsome ways of his countrymen, the reviewers and journalists, and he doubtless would ere now have read himself into the belief that he was one of the giants of the earth, had he not remembered that England was not the country of great captains. The iron Pasha lives in a country where newspapers do not abound ; but the absence of the flattery of journalists can make him none the less the man who owes less to fortune and more to himself than any one at present in fame and high place. Though the road to eminence is in all climes beset with obstacles, though watchful rivals hang on every step and crowd every avenue to advancement, still a difference must be allowed to exist between those countries in which the promotion of the civilian or the soldier observes fixed rules, where a bold *reconnaissance* wins a captaincy, and a brave charge makes a major, and where tables of grades with their prices annexed might be well inserted in the army regulations, — between such a turnpike-road to high station, and the rough paths to command which the adventurer in the East must travel. Mehemet’s life is the best illustration of this remark ; every foot in his progress has been taken at the hazard of his life. Sultan, Mameluke, and Arab have thirsted for his blood. Indomitable courage and unconquerable perseverance have been the indispensable qualities of his daily life. Foe after foe has sunk before him, some of them, to be sure, by treacherous massacre ; but butchery is a part of the trade of a ruler in the East, and one must be slow to pronounce him guilty of gratuitous cruelty. We have somewhere seen the remark, — “ Were it not that Mehemet Ali’s fame is stained with crime and blood, he might be called a second Saladin.”

But enough of the present ruler of Egypt. Who will succeed him ?

“And now the Pasha’s days must needs be drawing to a close; his son Ibrahim is yet older, owing to his sensuality and intemperance; Seyd Pasha, though kindly disposed, is devoid of intellect. The character of Abbas Pasha, the only other of his family arrived at man’s estate, exhibits a union of ferocity and vice, for which we can only find a parallel among the Roman emperors. And what is to become of Egypt?” — *The Crescent and the Cross*, Vol. I. p. 268.

A pertinent question, truly; no one but must be interested in its solution. Egypt is a word of significance to all of us. The Bible, Herodotus, Shakspeare, all literature, is full of Egypt. The waters of the Nile have moistened the roots of the nations’ tree of life. The immense natural advantages of the country — skirting with its prolific soil thousands of miles of burning sands, its river forcing upon it an annual tide of fertility, its position on the seas, on the Mediterranean as the key of the African continent, on the Red as opening the command of the East, and its power of linking the two — marked it as the pride of the geography of antiquity, and secured for it the earliest fruits of human culture. The birthplace of civilization, it sent forth the colonists whose descendants scoffed with the satire of Aristophanes, and were swayed by the eloquence of Demosthenes, or died amid the rocks of Thermopylæ. It looked upon the infancy of that nation who heard the voice of their religion in the thunders of Sinai, and whose history, a story of strong-willed and stout-hearted men, is crowned by the life of the Redeemer of the world. It was old before the other antiquities of earth were dreamed of. It glittered like a jewel in the eyes of Alexander three hundred years before Christ, and of Napoleon eighteen hundred years after. The nations of the world have ever been gazing upon that clime; its name was a word of meaning in the agoras of Greece and in the forum of Rome, as it is now in the chambers of France and in the parliament of England. It is well, then, that we may ask, resuming the paragraph just quoted, —

“What is to become of Egypt? Is the Porte once more to extend its baleful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, and allow them to interrupt our commerce here, as they

have been permitted to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

“Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte, but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges, of freedom. Let her — laying aside all morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism — boldly assert her ‘right of way’ through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

“English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the Fellah a freeman; English principles would teach him honesty and truth; and as to the comparative advantages of Turkish or English politics to the people they are to influence, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross.” — *Ib.* p. 268.

Thus the rhetoric of the eloquent Englishman solves the problem: — “Mehemet is a usurper, very selfish; his son is of free habits; Seyd Pasha is not a man of genius; his grandson is of unamiable temper; the government of Turkey is not like that of England, and Egypt may come under Turkish rule; — therefore, indulge in no ‘political sentimentalism,’ wink at the infernal *razzias* of the French in Algiers, seize upon Egypt as soon as the ‘brave old man’s’ breath has left his body, silence Copt, Turk, and Arab, and if the world opens its mouth, bid it *look at the workings of our politics in North America*, and make its election between the ends of the title of my book.” Good! But let us see if there is an imperative necessity for the conclusion, on the part of England, that the Pasha dies intestate, and that she is the public administrator of the nations.

The career of Mehemet Ali has done little for the real elevation of Egypt, but it has demonstrated that the genius of a strong man may create, from the dust of a confined civilization, the engines of modern civilization. He found no people to raise. The Fellaheen, or peasantry, regarded as the substratum of the population of the country, are no race of themselves; degenerate fragments of the desert hordes, they have abandoned their Ishmael patrimony for a slavish home on the banks of the Nile. If, in the proper sense of

the term, there is no people in Egypt, still there are qualities among its inhabitants which may, in the course of years, be fused together into a high national character. There is a hardy people among the highlands of Abyssinia, far before the ancient Britons, full of courage and energy, with many of the physical characteristics of the American savage, who in constancy, tenacity, and power of endurance has never been surpassed. The religion of Christ, seen dimly, indeed, through clouds of superstition, has been long on the Upper Nile. A church was planted there in the days of the first disciples, which has never acknowledged the dominion of Rome. With the elements of progress which the century possesses, too vigorous to be repelled by differences of clime, the Abyssinian, the Copt, the Turk, and the Arab may yet rear on the banks of the Nile a proud empire, overshadowing the seas that bore the bark of Jason and whelmed the hosts of Pharaoh.

There is little encouragement from the present social state of Egypt; here lies the dark cloud over her future. The country now presents a strange amalgam of modern appliances and antique notions; there are mingled together all the powerful engines of the civilization of the nineteenth century and all the baleful ideas of the Oriental mind. The traveller finds her custom-house and consul regulations the finest in the world. He travels in the desert, and feels his boyhood impressions of the robber and wild Arab dispelled. The sands of Egypt are safer than the streets of New York. He arrives in a steamer, and the recollections of Actium and triremes are disturbed by paddle-wheels and smoke-pipes. He hears the whiz of the steam-engine on the sites of the shrines of Isis. If he is one of those who exult in the age of trade, who esteem the King of the French less as king than as kingly trader, he will certainly remember that the sovereign of this country is the most extensive broker in the world, for he has monopolized the trade of a nation. His works of internal improvement are not surpassed in any country. One traveller speaks of seeing a *dépôt* of thirty-six thousand muskets, with pistols and sabres to match. At Shulna there are one hundred looms, with a printing establishment. Extensive iron-founderies are seen at Boulac, the port of Cairo. At the last-named place there is a military school with four hundred pupils. The Pasha has his own

code of criminal justice ; no one is capitally punished without his leave. Some years ago, a man of high rank killed a slave, and was called to account for it by the Pasha. "He was my slave," was the defence ; but the ruler rejoined, "He was my subject" ; and the homicide was executed. On the other hand, we have the fact, that, under the oppression of the governing power, thirty thousand people perished in the building of the Mahmoudieh canal. Again, complaints came to the Pasha that his son-in-law, the Defterdar, was cruelly exercising his authority in a province. Mehemet resorted to none of the prosaic methods practised in the removal of officers in Occidental countries. The poisoned bowl was speedier, and the Defterdar suddenly died. These instances, taken at random, are fair samples of Egypt governed by a despot with none of the old-fashioned despot's conservatism.

None of these facts, however, refer to organic difficulties in the way of the regeneration of Egypt. The only real obstacles are the low condition of woman and the religion of the country. The proud daughters of those mothers who, centuries ago, on the rocks along whose base the navies of Northern Europe now ride, watched the coming of the spoil-laden viking, feel the blood start to their lily cheeks, and the tears gather in their blue eyes, as they read the record of their sisters' degradation in the Orient clime. But accounts of the social laws of the East come to us arrayed in all the strength of antithesis, through the medium of Frank prejudices, and must be taken with many grains of allowance. Woman there is not the abject thing that many suppose. Her influence, like the influence of the gentler sex in our own climes, is deeper than we see, and more powerful than we are willing to acknowledge. "The light of the harem" is the same expression as the light of home, and the home of the Osmanli is as dear, and, we venture to say, as gentle a refuge for his troubled spirit, as home is with us. Constraint, freedom, imprisonment, are in their social significations relative phrases, the expression of conventional facts and forms. The slavery of woman in Egypt is but a slavery of form, no stronger than a lattice or a whim. When Mehemet Ali, some thirty years ago, promulgated his celebrated decree, that he claimed the soil of Egypt, it was the women who had to be appeased before it could be carried into effect ;

in comparison, the men tamely submitted. It was but a few years ago, that the women of Cairo rose against a change in the bread regulations, and the government was forced to submit to them. These facts are slight, but they show that the sex are not, as many deem them, mere slaves. There is still hope for Egypt through them.

The mind of the Moslem is strongly colored by his religion, and fatalism, that is its essence, has a strong hold upon his life. If this faith be in the way of social and political progress in the country where it prevails, it is an obstacle not easily surmounted. The religion of a people is not a thing to be put on and off; it refuses to submit to edicts and inquisitions. In all ages, whether of fighting and chivalry, or of steam and competition, man after all is swayed by metaphysical notions. The belief of an hereafter, despite the complaints of the preacher, directs, albeit silently, the courses of our life, and life varies with our ideal of the great future. The red man in his mighty forest felt, indeed, the presence of a creating power; but, save in the poet's fancy, he heard no God in the breeze that waked the trees to music, and saw no deity in the cloud that canopied them. The divine was but as a faint and dim impulse in his nature. If the shadowing forth of an existence that lay beyond the foray, the hunt, and the death at the triumph-fire of his foe, furnished him with the semblance of a theology, how different was it, in itself and in its workings, from that throng of supernal influences that played and floated in the visions of beauty-enamoured Greece, and caught its tone and hues from the stories that lived in Homer's song! With the savage, it controlled not the present, and was but the rude primitive workings of the ever-active faith which underlies our being, whispering more or less distinctly to each soul its immortality. The Indian, certainly in his wild way an orator and a poet, remains still rude, still savage, up to the limit of his earthly pilgrimage; while Greece and her mythology, through the marbles of her sculptors and architects, shall live till time is no more.

It is, then, the religion of the Egyptian that constitutes the great difference between him and the European. But we may remember that the age is full of light and progress, and that steam and commerce are more potent missionaries than Jesuit or Protestant. And these agents are in motion

beside the pyramids. Let us be skeptics in patent panaceas, in the national aid of foreigners, and in propagandism of all sorts ; and we may still hope that the pagan on the Nile may one day be cheated into Christianity by admiration of the results worked in his own land through the agency of those arts which have grown up under the auspices of the cross.

In any speculations, however, on the future of Egypt, that do not embrace a view of the intentions and policy of England, we feel that we are reckoning without our host. "Unto him that hath shall be given." Downing street already rules a large share of the civilized earth, and the "Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India," is determined to make the world believe that Providence calls him to "sit in the seats of the faithful." In view of the Turk and Arab anarchy that preceded Mehemet Ali's reign, he who should unqualifiedly and inconsiderately declaim against the advantages of strong government and efficient police that would accrue to Egypt from the introduction of British rule might be deemed wanting in a decent charity for the country of the Pharaohs. The extension of British power is doing much good ; but there is no need of implicitly acquiescing in the doctrine, that the world's whole hopes depend on "British faith," or "British civilization," or any other of the emphatic phrases that have been the watchwords of the nation in its horse, foot, and dragoon mode of aiding the progress of humanity, in extending its power and protection to every country too weak or too ill governed to repel its invaders. No advocate could have made a happier hit, in the comparison of English with Oriental politics, than to challenge inquiry into their respective results in Asia Minor and North America ; but it better suits the present issue to limit the inquiry respecting the effects of the former policy to that country which is most completely under the influence of Great Britain. We refer to India.

It were long to tell by what sacrifices of "morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism" England has acquired province after province east of the Indus. All questions of title waived, it is certainly pertinent to ask in what manner these acquisitions have been administered. The question occurs, Has England done more in India than to find places for younger brothers ? She has sent thither Hebers and Mackintoshes ; she has supplied bishops, judges, governors-general,

and adventurers of all sorts, who have returned with sallow visages, diseased livers, and some savings. She maintains, with the aid of the East India Company, a splendid army, which is not kept up for the sole purpose of the commissions it requires. Witness the Punjaub. Is all this any better than a mere military conquest? Napoleon, had he not "missed his destiny at Acre," or at some other point in the long way to the Indies, could have done no more than this. If no "Hyder Ali now ravages the whole Carnatic," we believe that the Corsican, also, on his Indian throne, would have cared that nothing of the sort should bring obloquy on his empire. He could have sent some divisions of grenadiers to secure the aid of China in the great measure of narcotic dissipation, and the Chinese opium *roué* might have huzzaed at the sound of Drouet's artillery. But though the institution of castes be, as it is thought, the most insuperable obstacle in the way of renovating the social fabric of the East, neither Napoleon, nor Wellesley, nor Omar could have devised a more fiendish scheme to rivet the chains of an abject slavery than the employment of a Sepoy force. Two hundred thousand of this soldier caste are in the pay of Great Britain; a pay that enables each man to employ two of a lower caste as menials. And this force will be maintained while there is a province to be overrun, or a prince to be dethroned. Give us "the imbecile tyranny of the Porte" in preference to this array of two hundred thousand slave-drivers, whose sole object is to crush every thing like liberty and nationality. In speaking of this slavery, we can say nothing, to be sure, of fetid prisons and leg irons, the symbols of the servitude at which most of the declamation of the day is justly levelled; but the problem being to convert men into animals, it is of little consequence what may be the outward marks of their new condition, and any philanthropist out of Exeter Hall will admit, that the negro of the Southern States is a happier specimen of the man-animal than many a Hindoo on whose condition less eloquence is spent.

The career of every ruler whom England has sent out to India has had for its main object England's aggrandizement. The extent and riches of the climes he has brought under the English yoke have been the measure of the approbation bestowed on him at home. What can be the progress of a

people whose government is conducted by those who, born abroad, and wedded to the habits and notions of a distant clime, have no feeling but aversion for the country whence they draw their gains, are intent upon these, and intend to return as soon as they have amassed fortune enough to enable them to live at home? Under such circumstances, whatever the people were before, they cease to be a people. No encouragement is given to the intellectual cultivation of the natives, no instruction in mercantile or political affairs is afforded them. England may make any amount of professions of desire to improve the social and intellectual condition of India. She may set on foot, or make the world believe she has set on foot, any number of schemes for their amelioration. This is expected and understood. But the leading idea of the government is to subjugate the country, to find in it places and pay for adventurers of English birth, to drain its wealth. They provide from the home treasury, it is true, for the salaries of the governor-general and other dignitaries; but this is only the factor's per centage that England pays for the wealth of India, — an item of the bargain whereby they receive the wealth of the nation, and cancel the claim by a penny on the pound paid to the solicitor-general who becomes the Indian chief-justice, to the rector of administration politics who becomes the bishop of Calcutta, and to the major-general who presides over all the pens and bayonets that levy, record, and guard this wealth.

“So entirely devoted I am,” writes the Marquis of Wellesley to Lord Clive, “to the indispensable duty of providing a large force in the field and an efficient system of alliance, that my estimate of character, and my sentiments of respect, and even of affection, in this country, are regulated absolutely by the degree of zeal and alacrity which I find in those who are to assist me in this great struggle. Nor can I conceive a more firm foundation or a more honorable bond of friendship, than a common share in the labors, difficulties, and honor of defending and saving so valuable part of the British empire.” — *14th Nov., 1798.*

The Marquis of Wellesley is spoken of by Alison, a peculiarly British historian, as one of the ablest of the rulers of India, who “in the union of wisdom in combination, foresight in council, prudence in preparation, with the courage of the hero and the heart of the patriot, was unrivalled.”

A high character, indeed! But he who seeks to know

the true signification of proconsular "patriotism" will not dwell upon the pages which, under the pretence of being meant for mankind, are little better than partisan declamation in the revered garb of history, — an elegant summary of the election harangues of that class who have been ousted from their stronghold of prescriptive plunder by the vigor of Manchester and the high courage and honest statesmanship of Peel. Let him look farther. A man bred under the influence of "English politics in North America," Lathrop, a Bostonian, a scholar of Harvard, being in India for the improvement of his fortune, became interested in the education of its people. Among other efforts in their behalf, he proposed to Lord Wellesley a system of schools for the natives. We quote his Lordship's answer : —

"No, no, Sir ; India is, and ever ought to be, a colony of Great Britain ; the seeds of independence must not be sown here. Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century."*

Away with "political sentimentalism" ! No schools, no education, Sir, in this clime. It is our farm, our factory, our colliery ; "the seeds of independence must not be sown here." It is evident that the Indian functionary most praised and petted at home was not satisfied with one phase of "English politics in North America."

We are not sure that "North America," in the extract from Mr. Warburton, refers at all to the United States ; possibly it is a figure of speech for Canada. But that part of the continent now held by Great Britain owes many elements of its character to the Gaul, England's hereditary foe ; the Frenchman made Canada. He cannot mean Jamaica and the Bermudas ; our first supposition must be right. The United States are, indeed, a fine specimen of "comparative advantages" ; laws, education, arts, sciences, railroads, banks, custom-houses, people, — every thing bespeaks progress. How far that progress is attributable to the working of true *English* politics, to the blessings of British rule, as they are now exhibited in India, let history decide. Our country is remarkable for one thing, the queer way in which property descends ; every child shares alike.

* See S. L. Knapp's *Biographical Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen, &c.* Boston. 1821. p. 180.

It is not certain that John Milton, and Cromwell, and the men of that class and age, had any hand in producing this peculiarity ; but it is certain that there was a revulsion in English politics about their time. One of their leaders, Protector as he called himself, did indeed get into power, and slay a mild and injured sovereign, and fondly imagine that he was to be perpetually remembered as one of the rulers of England. But true English politics soon got the better of him, and have kept uppermost until this day. Some enthusiasts, to be sure, who worship all tall, armed ghosts, wishing to smuggle him into the good opinion of the people, were anxious to get his statue placed among those of the kings in the New Houses of Parliament ; but, thanks to good taste and indignant religion, this was not endured.

But enough of this. Let us ask Mr. Warburton, did he put "North America" into this passage for rhetoric ? Or did he put it in deliberately ? If the latter, his fortune is made ; he may consider the Foreign Office as his own parlour ; Palmerston is but *locum tenens*. Such splendid arrogance cannot go unrewarded in England ; the nation admires such qualities. Wellesley and Hardinge, Clive and Hastings, are her darlings ; let Warburton be added to the quaternion. He has reduced to her sway the rich and extensive province of "North America."

Hear another voice from an Englishman, who probably does not aspire to be Foreign Secretary. We quote from an able article, called "Tutelage," recently published in Chambers's Journal.

"Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on this led-farm* principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated,† and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanage-

* When an agriculturist gets uncomfortably rich on a good farm, he begins to have a fancy to take another, which he understands is to be let a number of miles off, and which he proposes to manage by means of servants and post-letters. This is called in Scotland "taking a led-farm."

† Etiolation is that condition of a plant in which all the green color is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark in order to insure their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. Etiolated plants become green by exposure. — *Brande's Dictionary of Science*.

ment, however, on the part of the mother country, saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country. 'In the first place,' proceeded he, 'you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference; for, Gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to etiolate them. After that, people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished."

It would not be fair to garble the writer's views. We give his next paragraph, which, in our opinion, is a high compliment to the country. We hope never to see the day when an individual with British blood in his veins shall forget to call us "contumacious."

"Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favor of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are any thing but etiolated. Two or three of the neighbouring States, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition; but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if any thing be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat, they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boast-

ing. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation ! ”

England has a colony in Australia, composed mainly of unfortunate poachers and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who have not been permitted to indulge at home the instincts which the government are determined shall be monopolized at the Foreign Office. New South Wales is at this hour the colony of England from which the most may be hoped in intellect, government, and civilization, presenting the fairest promise of a future nation to which the travelling Briton of another century may point with pride in a comparison of the influences of “the Crescent and the Cross.” The Warburtons of a future generation may find at the antipodes a more apt illustration than any which they have yet discovered of the beneficial effects of British institutions upon the condition and prospects of the people who are subject to them. But before that time, the institutions themselves may have undergone a considerable change.

We have protested in this wild way against England's assumption of a province to which she has no more claim than that which is founded on the poetry of Shakspeare. Egypt, bad as she is, is too good for England to *Indiaize* and *Irelandize*. She has ports to which the commerce of all the world resorts ; she has steam-engines and all the material agents of modern improvement. She is safe, if let alone. She will become an enlightened nation, though we may not be able to foretell the precise number of her phases of anarchy yet to come. She will become an enlightened nation, even under England. But let her escape the centuries of etiolation she must in such case first endure. Let England exercise “morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism ” for once, and find some other way to India, or purchase one through Egypt. Let her foreign merchants admit that they are beaten in that country at their own game, and be content with the rest of the world that is open to them. Let her politics work as they may, but without the presence of “broken-down colonels ” ; and we believe that Egypt will yet, in the lapse of years, become a proud exemplar of the influences of the “Crescent *and* the Cross.”